

A
NORFOLK TALE;

K OR,

A JOURNAL

FROM

LONDON to NORWICH:

WITH

A PROLOGUE and an EPILOGUE.

*Primum, ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poëtas,
 Excerptam numero: neque enim concludere versum
 Dixeris esse satis; neque si quis scribat, uti nos,
 Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poëtam.*

HORAT. Serm. lib. i. sat. vi.

L O N D O N :

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DEDICATION.

TO ONE of the most amiable young Ladies in Great-Britain, this NORFOLK TALE is with due respect, addressed and dedicated by ONE of her greatest Admirers,

The AUTHOR.

London, Jan. 1st, 1792.

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TO

THE READER.

A DANGEROUS fever, and its consequences, having obliged the Author to spend a great part of last summer and autumn, in the country, for the purpose of recovering a sufficient degree of health to resume his usual severe studies; and some singular occurrences happening to him, on a pedestrian ramble into Norfolk; he amused himself, on the way, in working them up into a sort of poetical Tale.

This is a species of writing, that requires neither great genius, nor hard efforts: lofty sentiments and high-sounding words are none of its necessary attributes: its principal characteristics are ease, elegance, and simplicity. If to these some happy classical allusions, some pertinent incidental reflections, and, now and then

TO THE READER.

then, a small dash of indirect and general satire,
be added, the story will have the greater zest.

OT

How far the following Tale has any of these
qualifications, the polished reader will be the
best judge. Farewel.

ERRATA.

Page 13, line 11, For, *was at rest*, read *went to rest*.

— 20, — 5, — *musky* r. *murky*.

— 22, — 18, — *ruin* r. *rain*.

— 34, — 5, — *wall* r. *walls*.

— 43, — 1, — *got* r. *get*.

— 50, — 2, dele *a* before *knight*.

A NOR.

A NORFOLK TALE, &c.

PROLOGUE.

MY dear CATHARINA ! I trust you enjoy
Such pleasures, at *Weston*, as never can cloy ;
At least, if such pleasures you can not find there,
I hardly believe you will find them elsewhere.

So charming a pair as your hostess and host,
I know not if England—all England can boast :
And, if envy a crime diabolic were not,
I surely should envy Miss S———'s lot.

But far be a passion so black from the breast
Of a *christian* poet and *catholic* priest !
Instead of begrudging your sweet situation,
I offer my heartiest congratulation ;
And only ambition a participation.

That happiness once I, this autumn, had hopes
Of tasting ;—but doctors are so many Popes,
Who issue their *BREVES* in a summary way,
And threaten with death, if we do not obey.

One of these, my dear Kit, was directed to me ;
With positive orders to bathe in the sea :
And I, like an orthodox patient, to save
My health from perdition, consented to lave
In Ocean's broad tub.—So to *Ramsgate* I hasten
Just then, when I meant to have travel'd to *Weston* :

B

And,

And, now, through a promise I made to Lord PETRE,
I'm here—and write hence this *extemporé* metre.

Wou'd you know how I came?—I'll tell you that, too,
Since nothing, at present, I better can do :
First quitting this galloping pace Anapæstic ;
And trotting hereafter, in short Hudibrastic.

Here endeth the PROLOGUE, and beginneth

THE JOURNAL.

ON that blest'd day*, when pious folk
The holy *Ethelred* invoke,
I left great *London* and the *Thames*,
And, like a pilgrim of St. James,
With staff in hand I took my way,
And came to *Thorndon* that same day.

Clean was the road, and clear the air ;
My heart was light and void of care :
So, on I push'd ; and, ere the sun
Was set, I had to *Romford* run.
Thence, running still, I got, before
The *Pleiads* rose, to Newman's door :
And had the pleasure—do not frown—
Of drinking tea with Polly Brown †.

The

* October 17th.

† A beautiful young lady of Brentwood.

The parson's son (not the young parson,
But t'other tall and jolly *garçon*)
Would see me now, as it was late,
At least up to the iron gate.

The gate flew open at command:
When, with a lanthorn in my hand,
And guided by a glimm'ring ray
Which through the darkness made its way,
I boldly cross the park—nor fear
Or rams, or bulls, or dogs, or deer.

I call—and *Peter* hears my call;
And, now, I'm in great Thorndon-Hall:
But what delight can it afford,
Without its Lady and its Lord?
Ev'n tho' the *captain* try to cheer
Me with his wine, and nappy beer.

I, therefore, at an early hour
A pair of new-laid eggs devour:
Then breathe a pray'r, and softly creep
Into the arms of balmy sleep.
The god somniferous quickly shed
His choicest opiate o'er my head;
While busy fancy on my brain
Paints all *our* summer scenes again.

Again we tread each fairy way
Through which we then were wont to stray.
Through shadowy walks, and flow'ry lawns
We seem to frisk like sportive fawns.
Up hill, down dale, o'er mead, o'er heath,
We wander on, 'til out of breath.
Then down upon a bench we sit,
And chat, and laugh, and *aim* at wit.

At length we part—but with a view,
Next morn our rambles to renew.

Next morn arrives—A distant brake
Invites a wider range to take.

“Thither,” says ANNA, “let us go.”

We all reply: “Let it be so.”

Adown the park we shape our course:
Pales we break down, and locks we force!
Steep walls we climb! and with a sweep
O'er five-bar gates we bravely leap!

What tho', sometimes, a wicked peg

Disclose an angle, or a leg?

No eye profane is by, to stare

Upon a leg or angle bare.

To modest bards, we all well know,

Much more than that, the Muses show:

And priests are bounden to conceal

Whatever fair-ones may reveal.

Blithe we proceed—when, lo! the air

Begins a low'ring face to wear.

Some demon, sure, with jealous eyes

Beheld us happy from the skies;

And with a threat'ning visage, bade

A show'r of hail-stones us invade.

We seek for shelter—shelter none

We find, until the show'r is gone:

When, wet and weary, we would fain

Get home, the shortest way, again.

That way, alas! in vain we try:

Bars, bolts and maffiffs us defy.

And now no subterfuge remains,

But cros a ditch increas'd with rains.

I from

I from a willow pluck a bough,
 And o'er the ditch a bridge I throw:
 Then take MARIA by the hand,
 To lead her to the further strand:
 But, oh sad chance! some unseen witch
 O'erturns us both into the ditch!
 "Kind Heav'n's preserve the fair!" I scream;
 Then wake—and find 'tis but a dream.

Deliver'd from ideal pain,
 I turn myself and dream again.
 Us to the parlour Fancy brings;
 Where ANNA paints and CATHO sings:
 While I, a mute beside the fire,
 With ears and eyes, at once admire.

But when the smiling Queen of Love
 Sweet JULIA comes from her alcove;
 And, with APOLLO, joins our band:
 'Tis paradise in British land!

My two fair pupils next (I thought)
 Their well-conn'd Latin lessons brought;
 And could, I found, full glibly go
 From *Dominus* to *Domino*!
 And then without a single miss
 From *Domino* to *Dominis*!
 Nay more (which very much admire I)
 From *amo* to *amatum iri*!

"Courage!" quoth I—"Before next spring
 "*Arma virumque**, ye shall sing!

"And

* The ladies utmost laudable ambition was, to be able to read
 Virgil and Homer in the original.

" And two years hence, 'tis mine idea,

" Ye'll lisp *Ménin æide Thía.*"

Th' apostrophé was hardly o'er
When *Mally* thunder'd at the door :

" 'Tis seven o'clock—and somewhat more."

I curs'd her clack—and try'd again
To catch my dream ; but try'd in vain.
Sweet sleep my pillow yields no more ;
I therefore, darting on the floor,
With hands and eyes uplifted blest
Kind Heav'n for such refreshing rest :
Pray'd that th' ensuing day to me
Propitious, like the last, might be ;
And that, next ev'ning, I might sleep
Mine eyes in such another sleep.

Heav'n heard two quarters of my pray'r :

The other two dissolv'd in air !

As, presently, th' event will show—

But I must now to breakfast go :

Th' impatient captain waits below.

While, now, my hungry paunch I cram

With bread and tea, and beef and ham :

Notus, uprising, on his wings

Of wind and rain, a tempest brings,

And, though his fury soon was past,

Such torrents on the ground he cast,

That nothing but a resolution

Like *mine* could put in execution

A deed so desperate, as dare

Through such impervious tracks to fare.

At ev'ry other step, I stood

Inch deep in the tenacious mud :

Thus

Thus dragging, though the dismal way,
My weary limbs to *Belricay*.

And, now, it was to be decreed
Whether I onward should proceed ;
Or back to Thorndon-Hall should turn,
And bear the captain's taunts and scorn ;
Poetic pride forbade the latter :
So, soon determined was the matter.
The only question then was put,
Whether I should trudge on a-foot ?
Or wait, to see if chance or Fate
Would bring a carriage to the gate ?

While on this theme I deeply pore,
A chaise comes rattling to the door.
I point—it stops—and, in a minute,
I, and my *Omnia* are in it.

Another chaise at *Chelmsford* waited :—
And now, by Fortune's smiles elated,
I trusted, she would me befriend
'Thenceforward, to my journey's end.

But let not man or woman kind
Trust in a Deity that's blind.
At *Braintree*, to her great reproach,
She had prepar'd nor chaise nor coach !
And what was still a greater curse,
But sev'n gold orbs were in my purse !
And here I felt, as oft before,
The consequence of being poor.
Whate'er philosophers may say ;
From Socrates to Seneca,
By sure experiment we know,
'Tis money makes the mare to go.

As,

As, then, I money could not spare
 To travel upon horse, or mare ;
 On the poor shanks, that Nature lent,
 I limped on—not quite content.
 Yet soon the interposing Muse
 Began, as usual, to infuse
 Her soothing balm into my breast,
 And hush'd all discontent to rest.

And, now, my daring pencil tries
 To write a sonnet on YOUR eyes ;
 And thus enchantingly beguiles
 The length of fifteen dirty miles.
 At ev'ry milliary stone
 I pen'd a stanza—and went on :
 Thus, ere I got to the next stage,
 With stanzas I had fill'd my page.

Thither Dame Fortune (to her praise
 Be it rehears'd) had sent a chaise.
 I thank her for the boon—and hurry,
 Without delay, to fainted *Bury* *.

I could, in forty minutes more,
 Have reach'd *How'rd's* hospitable door :
 But I had a desire to see,
 What wonders might in *Bury* be.
 So feasting on a pound of chine,
 And gulping down a pint of wine ;
 Our *Father*—and the rest, I said ;
 Then jump'd into a downy bed.

The

* *Bury St. Edmund's.*

The pow'r of sleep soon seals mine eyes:
When new fantastic scenes arise.

I dream'd—a foolish dream it was—
A dream that ne'er can come to pass,—
I dream'd I was a DUKE—('tis true!)
And had a DUCHESS made of YOU!
What then?—Why then—I'll only say,
Of YOU I dream'd, 'till break of day:
When, wake, I found myself alone;
My Dukedom and my Duchefs gone:
And that, as when I ~~rest~~ rest, *A went to*
I still was but—a puny *priest*!

Again I sleep—and dream—and see
The Goddess FAME accosting me.
In her left hand she seem'd to hold
A trumpet of the purest gold;
And, in her right, she seem'd to bear
A beauteous garland fresh and fair,
Compos'd of all the flow'rs that grow
By *Jebus*, or by *Jericho*!

With gracious look, she said: “My child,
“ For twenty twelvemonths thou hast toil'd
“ To earn a little honest fame:—
“ I come at length to grant thy claim.
“ Long as the antient Hebrew page
“ Mankind's attention shall engage—
“ Long as the Son of Amram's laws
“ Shall meet with merited applause—
“ Long as the tones of David's lyre
“ All future minstrel's shall admire—
“ Long as the Song of Songs shall prove
“ That *Death is not more strong than Love*—

C

“ Long

" Long as Ifaiah's style shall be
 " The test of true sublimity—
 " And Jeremiah's plaint remains
 " The first of Elegiac strains—
 " Long as the BIBLE shall be read—
 " This garland shall adorn thy head !
 " And this loud trump's immortal sound
 " O'er all the island shall rebound !"

She said—and on my head she threw
 The wreath—and then her trumpet blew.
 Pale Envy heard—and straight arose
 A motley crew of critic foes.

There, was the *Masoretic* Jew ;
 And *Masoretic* Christian too :
 Zealots of ev'ry sect and sort
 From Country, College, Town and Court ;
 Men of the high church and the low,
 With equal fury aim a blow.
 A crowd of canting Methodists
 Were seen to shake their angry fists :
 And Scotch Seceders, from afar,
 Declar'd against me holy war.
 Ev'n from Hibernia's soil, I see
 Some spiteful toads, who spit at me.

Nor are they only *Heretics*
 Who hostile eyes upon me fix.
Papists with *Protestants* conjoin
 My dear-bought fame to undermine,

A friar, there, I could descry
 The countertype of obloquy.
 Another by his vacant glance
 Depictur'd shameless ignorance.

A third,

A third, the fattest of the three,
Slander's man-midwife seem'd to be.

One monk---at least I saw no more---
Foam'd like a wild Bohemian boar :
But when he dropt his nether lip,
I saw he wanted tusks to rip.

Five Douay-priests, arm'd cap-a-pee
With scraps of School-divinity ;
Stood ready, at their gen'ral's beck,
Their vengeance on my head to wreck.

As many more, upon the plain,
Appear'd from Portugal and Spain.
Each, a stiletto in his hand,
But waited for his lord's command
To strike.---In this unequal strife
I tremble for my *fame* ; nay, *life* !
A grey-goose quill, in any sense,
Alas ! is but a weak defence ;
And that was all I had to wield,
Instead of jav'lin, sword, and shield.
Yet, with that weapon in my hand,
I was resolv'd to make a stand :
And swore, that ere they should me kill,
I every drop of ink would spill.

As, like the French, I thus prepare
For only a defensive war ;
Old father JEROM, with a beard
As white as drifted snow, appear'd.
A nine-tail'd bull-hide scourge he bore,
With which he wont, in days of yore,
To lash his critic curs.---He said :
“ My friend, thou seem'st to be afraid.

" I soon will shew you with what ease

" I can dispel such dogs as these."

Thus having spoke, his scourge he drew,

And rush'd amid th' astonish'd crew :

When it was wonderful to see

With what precipitance they flee.

The holy man thwack, after thwack,

Laid hard on each retiring back :

And happy was the wretch who run

With speed enough the lash to shun.

Thus when the Scythian slaves of old,

(As by historians we are told *)

Prefum'd to take the warlike field,

And arms against their masters wield :

And when the latter, in their rage,

With them were ready to engage ;

A chief, experienc'd, to the rest

These seasonable words address :

" Would ye, my friends, your arms oppose

" To arms, with such ignoble foes ?

" Take each a whip into his hand,

" And thus attack the servile band."

Applause ensued,—They quickly throw

Aside the quiver and the bow :

And, with an air of haughty scorn,

Their lances into scourges turn.

These, straight, they brandish—when behold

Accomplish'd what had been foretold !

Soon

* See Justin, b. 2, c. 5.

Soon as the slaves had heard the crash,
And seen the waving of the lash,
(With which so oft their backs had bled)
They trembled—dropt their arms—and fled.

When from the field he thus had chas'd
The foe, in mine own hand he plac'd
The awful scourge—"Take this," he said,
"But this, thou need'st no other aid.—
"If e'er again yon dastard pack
Should dare to make a new attack,
"The very sight of Jerom's lash
"Thro' thick and thin will make them dash."

Canst thou, my CATHARINA, guess
What transports now my soul possesses?
Thrice I attempt to grasp his knees,
Thrice from my grasp the phantom flees;
A fourth last effort as I make,
He disappears—and I awake,
In time to see the orient ray
Of Phœbus usher in the day.

I bless myself—and, straight, prepare
To breathe, abroad, the fragrant air.
Sweet was the morn—in ev'ry grove
The wood-lark chaunts his songs of love.
His fleecy care the shepherd leads
To crop the verdure of the meads.
The lowing race, from folds set free,
Are scatter'd o'er the grassy lea:
And all the lab'ring class of men
Are at their daily tasks again.

The sturdy hinds divide their toil:
One nurtures the exhausted soil;

Another,

Another, with a thoughtful brow
 And cautious eye, directs the plough ;
 A third upon the furrow'd plain,
 With measur'd steps, deals out the grain ;
 A fourth with steel-tooth'd engine combs
 The surface, and the seed intombs :
 Intombs—but with a faithful trust
 To see it rise again from dust,
 At Nature's call.—Yes, ere the moon
 Ten times her circling course have run,
 Each little death-devoted grain
 Shall reproduce itself again,
 Ten, yea perhaps an hundred fold ;
 And proudly wave its ears of gold.

Hail agriculture ! though despis'd ;
 At least by far too little priz'd ;
 To thee we ultimately owe
 The rarest blessings here below.
 Ah ! would the *Georgic* muse inspir
 Me with a spark of *Maro's* fire
 To sing those blessings !—but, alas !
 When gold is by, who values brass ?
 Dryden and Warton try'd in vain
 To emulate the Mantuan strain !

Yet let me at a copy aim :
 Hear, then, the bard divine exclaim :
 “ Thrice happy swains ! if they but knew
 “ Their bliss !—To them, far from the view
 “ Of clashing arms, the faithful earth
 “ Pours, from her bounteous bosom, forth
 “ A ready maintenance.—What tho'
 “ They never see a constant flow

“ Of

" Of morning visitors becloud
 " Their lofty domes and portals proud?
 " What tho'—"*—I see, it will not do;
 And so my Journal I pursue,

From rural scenes I now return
 To visit martyr'd Edmund's urn:
 And, though to saints I seldom pray,
 A pray'r I made to MUN, that day.
 " Edmund!" said I, " If thou hast pow'r
 " To send or to with-hold a show'r;
 " Let not one drop from heaven fall
 " Till I arrive at Fornham-hall."
 Whether good Edmund heard or not,
 I'm ignorant.—My wish I got:
 For such a fine October sky
 Was never seen by mortal eye.

To *Fornham* come, though it was noon,
 I found its folks at their *disjune*†.
 The landlord's self and Lady Befs,
 A nabob and his nabob-efs;
 Sir William and Sir William's brother,
 Another yet, and yet another
 Newmarket-man, full six feet high,
 Made up the goodly company.

And now our belles and beaux divide
 Their pastimes—Some on horse-back ride;
 Some

* O fortun^{at}os nimium, sua si bona norint,

Agricolae! &c.—See Virgil's *Georgics*, b. 2, v. 458, &c.

† I have taken the liberty to coin this word; but perfectly according to the Horatian precept.—Alias, *breakfast*.

Some drive in curricles ; and some
To death the harmless partridge doom :
I, like a Stoic, walk around ;
And meditate on truths profound.

musky

At length Eve's musky curtain falls,
And healthful hunger homeward calls.
Again we're altogether met,
And at a plentiful table set.

You know all Englishmen are sour,
Till they have guttled half an hour :
And Englishwomen are so meek,
While men are dumb, they will not speak !
How much unlike the French, who ply
Their nimble tongues eternally ?

Thus thirty minutes mute and grave
We sat and swill'd—So Heav'n me save !
Three plates exchang'd, three brimmers past,
We pause—and ope our mouths at last !
And, thence, until the sweat-meats come,
We are not altogether dumb.
But when the fair-ones skip'd away
So gracefully to sip their tea ;
And to compensate for the time
Their silver tongues had ceas'd to chime ;
A pour of frozen words broke forth
As thick as hail-stones from the North.

“ Howard ! that's *damn'd* good wine ; I say,

“ That's *damn'd* good wine.”—“ My dog, to day

“ Behaved most *damnably*.”—I shot

“ With *damn'd* bad luck ; nay, did I not ?”

“ 'Twas a *damn'd* clever horse ; and yet,

“ His master, *dennie*, lost his bet.”

“ Well

" Well, Lady Mary is, I swear,
 " As *damn'd* a prude, as breathes the air—
 " *Damn'd* pretty tho'?"—" *Damnation!* she?
 " A plainer face you'll hardly see."
 " The P* of W*, say what they will,
 " Is, in my mind, and will be still,
 " A *damn'd* fine youth!"—" So should I think,
 " If *damnab'ly* he did not drink."
 " The Duke of **, let me tell ye,
 " Is a *damn'd* tiresome, teasing fellow!"
 " But that he's *damn'd* polite, don't you
 " Agree?"—" Nay, *demmié*, if I do."

Such, in this fashionable nation,
 Is fashionable conversation!
 Now, Kit, as I'm no man of fashion,
 I had no very pow'rful passion,
 To take a part (poor shabby dog)
 In this important dialogue:
 So, quietly, I took my glass,
 And let the wordy tempest pass.
 For, now, of Bourdeaux-juice the force,
 Had open'd ev'ry vocal source:
 And, ere the fifteenth draught was o'er,
Three spoke at once—and sometimes, *four*.

Thus they employ'd, I have the grace
 A lucky moment to embrace,
 And steal to bed; where snug I lay
 Till nine o'clock the following day.

Eight score of furlongs yet I had
 To traverse—and the ways were bad.
 Not *Israel's* discontented host
 Such desarts met, on *Edom's* coast!

Nor was there on the dreary ground
A drop of *Manna* to be found.

Two hours I thus my course pursue,
When, unexpected, to my view
Appears a town of antient fame :
But *Thetford* is its modern name.

Here, I opin'd, poor cred'lous man,
I was not far from my *Chanaan* :
And that the river *Thet* might be
A *Jordan*, possibly, to me !
Judge, then, what was my great surprise,
When, passing on, I rais'd mine eyes,
And saw I had to travel o'er
A greater desert than before.

My legs and patience now begun
To fail alike—The downward sun
Was hast'ning to his spouse's bed :
The ruin beat heavy on my head :
Nor could I find a guide to tell
Which was the road to *heaven* or *hell*.
The very Muse, who e'er till now
Had eas'd my mind, and smoooth'd my brow ;
Abandon'd me, this critic time :
For who can in a desert rhyme ?

But Heav'n has kindly will'd, that still
Some *good* attend each human *ill*.
The sun, is if to cheer the way
Again shot forth his ev'ning ray.
The rain had laid the dust so low
That scarce a particle could blow :
And though I could not *poetize*,
I might, at least, *philosophize*.

Philo-

Philosophizing, on I go ;
 Nor very quick, nor very slow :
 For such, as I conjecture was
 The true Peripatetic *pâs*.

Two *parasangas* measur'd o'er,
 I see a mansion me before,
 Embosom'd in a wood.—“ Ah ! hah ! ”
 I cry, “ *Enfin te voilà !* ” *voilà !* ”
 No Palmer e'er with more delight
 Beheld the long-expected sight
 Of dear *Jerusalem*, than I
 This often-look'd-for mansion spy.

I double now my pace ; and, straight,
 I find myself at *Eden's* gate :
 My blifs to render more compleat,
 A greeting *angel* there I meet :
 O ! how unlike to him who, plac'd
 At *Eden's* gate, our parents chas'd !

No flaming sword *my* angel bore ;
 But all the charms of beauty wore !
 'Twas *JULIA's* self.—Next in the Hall
 I hear your sister-kittens bawl
 A hearty welcome.—Then comes home
 The noble *MASTER* of the dome :
 To whom your humble poet owes
 Life, health, and undisturb'd repose.

This word *repose* puts me in mind,
 My pen a little rest should find.
 Five hundred lines, and somewhat more,
 It has already scribbled o'er :
 And that's enough at any time,
 To scribble, or in prose or rhyme.

Besides, this is the *Sabbath* day ;
 When poets should not rhyme---but pray !
 Just now, I hear the chapel-bell---
 So, 'till to-morrow, Kit ! farewell.

PART SECOND.

AH me ! how short are human views ?
 Last week I bargain'd with the Muse
 To finish at another sitting
 My *Norfolk Journal* ; little witting
 That I so soon should undertake
 Another pilgrimage to make.

On Sunday morn, soon as the priest
 Had said his *Ite, missa est* * :
 Some spirit whisper'd in mine ear :
 " The city *Norwich* now is near !
 " The weather's fair, the roads are dry !
 " Thither what hinders thee to hie ?"
 This sudden impulse I obey,
 Snatch up my stick, and walk away.

Five dreary miles of moor I pace,
 Nor see a single human face :
 Yet through *this* desert, be it known,
 I did not travel all alone,
 Still went the faithful muse along ;
 Still *Catherina* was the song.

But

* The last words of the Mass.

But though a song may feed the mind,
 The body other food must find :
 So now, to *Wotton* come, I eat
 A morsel of terrestrial meat :
 Then, appetite appeas'd, again
 Resume my journey and my strain ;
 Till interrupted by the rain.

'Twas in the middle of a down,
 Remote from village or from town,
 Where a black-bellied cloud outshed
 Its dire contents upon my head :
 And I, alas ! poor luckless fellow
 Had neither great-coat nor umbrella.,

In this distress, on my left hand,
 I see a little cottage stand :
 With joy I see ; and helter-skelter
 I to the cottage run for shelter.
 The door was open—In I go ;
 But ah ! my Kit ! what scenes of woe
 Present themselves ?——First on a bed
 A husband, in his prime, lies dead :
 Lies dead, with scarce a rag to hide
 His lifeless limbs.—At the bed-side
 A weeping widow sits and sighs,
 And lifts to Heaven her piteous eyes :
 While three sweet orphans, round her, cry
 For bread, which she cannot supply.
 “ O God ! (said I, and rubb'd my brow)
 “ Why have I not a fortune now ?
 “ But can I nothing—nothing give,
 “ These fellow-creatures to relieve ?

“ Yes !

" Yes!—I can give a shroud to lay
 " That naked corse in kindred clay.
 " Yes!—I can give, wherewith to save
 " His wife and children from the grave,
 " This week—The next, kind Heav'n may send
 " A richer, not more feeling friend."

So saying, from my purse I drew
 And on the lap of sorrow threw
 Three silver crowns—'twas all I swear,
 My little scanty fob could spare!

Eager she seiz'd my hand and prest
 It closely to her throbbing breast:
 And while it on her bosom lies,
 A pair of pearls drop from her eyes,
 Warm as the weeper's grateful heart,
 And fall on the uncover'd part.
 Dear drops! ah! could your briny stain
 A lasting mark on me remain;
 Not *Francis' Stigmata* * would be
 A cause of jealousy to me!
 Two other drops, before they fell,
 (Yes, Kit! I'm not ashamed to tell)
 I intercept, as down they flow
 Her cheeks, that now begin to glow;
 My face upon her face I fix;
 And with her tears my tears I mix.

And now the heav'ns appear'd serene,
 As if to witness this last scene;

And

* See the *Legend in Bonaventure*, or the *Roman Breviary*.

And Sol seem'd willing to repay
His absence with a brighter ray,
Than usual at the close of day.

}

Three miles, I ween, or nearly so,
To *Hingham*, yet I had to go :
But ne'er was such a space of ground
Less tiresome to a trav'ler found.
Tho' cold, and wetted to the skin,
I felt a fostering flame within,
Which made me totally forget
That I was cold ! that I was wet !

JESUS of *Nazareth* ! how true
The doctrine first announc'd by you !
Whether, in a disciple's name,
We, for a cup of water claim
A recompense ; or for a store
Bestow'd of the most precious ore ;
This ore, that cup, ev'n here on earth,
Are recompens'd beyond their worth.
Can there a greater boon be giv'n
To mortal man by bounteous Heav'n,
Than the delight supreme that flows
From mitigating human woes ?

Here, for a moment, let me pause ;
And think on the mysterious laws
Of Providence ; whose wond'rous chain
No human wisdom can explain.

Had I, that morn, refus'd to hear
The spirit whisp'ring in mine ear
" Proceed to Norwich."——Had I gone
At any other hour, but *One*.——

Had

Had not keen hunger made me stay
 An hour, at *Watton*, on my way—
 I should have pass'd the dismal down,
 Before the skies began to frown.—
 Or, had that providential show'r
 Fallen at any other hour,
 I to the cottage had not run
 That providential show'r to shun!
 Or had I been a man of gold,
 And in a gilded chariot loll'd;
 I should have pass'd the lonesome plain,
 Regardless of the falling rain;
 And, consequently, ne'er had been
 A witness of the 'fore said scene:
 Nor had the happiness to say:
 "My friends! I have *not* lost a day."

Thus musing on, short seem'd the way
 To *Hingham*; where, that night, I lay.
 Delightful night!—A blazing fire
 Prevented, first, my first desire.
 Next the kind landlord, quick as thought.
 A change of raiment to me brought.
 Then at his all-commanding word
 A chicken smok'd upon the board.
 Two pints of *Negg**, so stout and brown
 The frugal entertainment crown.

And now the smiling hostess led
 Me to a clean well-season'd bed:

In.

* A species of ale peculiar, I believe, to Norfolk.

In which, with a maternal care,
 Herself, she tuck'd me!—Who will dare
 To say, there was or sin or shame
 In what was done by this good dame?

No soporific draught or pill
 Was wanting, now, mine eyes to seal:
 Ne'er did the Pow'r of sleep dispense
 His gifts with more munificence:
 Elysian landscapes, all the night,
 Engag'd my visionary sight:
 Nought, but the rapture of St. PAUL,
 Can give a notion of them all!

For, as the great Apostle, caught
 Up into *Paradise*, was taught
 Such things as human speech in vain
 Would try to utter, and explain:
 So, (all due difference confess'd)
 'Twixt an *apostle* and a *priest*)
 I think no human pen can draw
 A sketch of what, that night, I saw.
 Suffice it, then, my friend, to say:
 " 'Twas pure, pure joy; without allay."

From this illusion wak'd, I hear
 The sound of watchful chanticleer,
 Calling the sluggard to his work.—
 I hear; and light as any cork,
 At his *memento*, up I spring;
 And on, my now-dry garments fling.
 The morning *hymn* dispatch'd, I pay
 Last evening's score—and march away.

The ruddy, rosy-finger'd dawn
 Had now bespangled ev'ry lawn

E

With

With drops of hoar autumnal dew,
Approaching to a silver hue.
And Phœbus, rising from his bed,
A more than common-lustre shed.

Two miles in contemplation sweet
I measure; when, behold! I meet
A wood-land nymph—for such to me
The beauteous *rustic* seem'd to be—
Whose shape and size, and air and mien
Might suit a countess, or a queen.

On my approach, she stopt and said:
“ Good morrow, sir!—I am afraid
“ You’ll think me pert—It is not so;
“ But now to seek a place I go:
“ And it is fortunate, they say,
“ To meet a *man* at early day
“ The first one meets.”——I smil’d and said:
“ God send thee luck, my pretty maid!”

“ But will you—will you—” she replied,
“ Pledge me a kiss?”—and turn’d aside
Her blushing face.—It may be guess’d
Whether I granted her request.

“ A kiss?” quoth I, “ if that can do
“ Thee any good, thou shalt have two:
“ And may they both an earnest be
“ Of luck and happiness to thee!”

So saying, on her lips I lay
My lips.—Say, Catharina, say
Could I do less?—By yonder Heav’n,
A chaster *kiss* was never giv’n.
Again we interchange *good days*:
Shake hands, and take our diff’rent ways.

Yet,

Yet, twice I found myself inclin'd
To stop, and turn, and look behind :
And what is singular, tho' true,
The *ruffic* look'd behind her, too,
At the same time !—Let any man
Account for this, the best he can :
Hartley, perhaps, or *Sterne* might guess
Th' *affociation*—more or less.

At *Barford-cock*, I stop, to break
My fast upon a mutton-steak :
For unsubstantial toast and tea
Are not for travellers like me.

O happy days of good queen Bess !
When maidens made their morning mess
On beef, and ham, and amber-ale !
How could such feeding maidens fail
To be the mothers of a race
Of men ?—Now scarce a single trace
Of antient motherhood remains,
Degen'rate Britain ! on thy plains.
That weed, accurs'd, from *China* brought
This metamorphosis has wrought !

But why need poets vent their ire ?
Women will have what they desire :
And, if their wish should ever be,
For *arsenic*, to part with tea,
We, men, of tea would soon be sick,
And quaff large draughts of *arsenic* !
So true it is, with greatest ease,
Ye make us—whatfoe'er ye please.

But, lest you say, I now indite
A *libel* ; not a *Journal* write :

I'll check my muse and quit my pen ;
And rise and take the road again.

So well my limbs I ply'd, that ere]
The sun had reach'd his mid career,
I saw, with pleasure and surprize
The beauteous tow'rs of NORWICH rise :
And in eleven minutes more,
I found myself at *Suffield's* door :
And thus, my Norwich journey o'er.

Not so my *Tale*—I have to tell
All that at Norwich me befell ;
And all that happen'd on the road,
Which, back to Buckingham, I trod :
So pray for patience and prepare
Thy bard's garrulity to bear.

Of all the cities I have seen
(And few their number has not been)
This *Norwich* is the oddest : whether
View'd in its parts, or altogether.

And first its *site*—No situation
Can it surpass, in any nation.
Neither too low, nor yet too high,
Nor over-moist, nor over-dry :
Inclining to the morning ray
Of the refulgent lord of day ;
By pleasant views and villas bounded,
By shelt'ring hills and woods surrounded:
Above, a wide expanse of fields
A pure and constant fragrance yields ;
Below, two silver streamlets meet,
And lay their tribute at its feet.

Then

Then see its thirty * *temples* rise
 Each of a diff'rent form and size ;
 And, in the center, soaring high'r
 Than all the rest, the papal spire†.
 Not only PETER, PAUL and JAMES,
 With other apostolic names,
 Have here their dedicated piles :
 But *Austin, Martin, Alban, Giles,*
Bede, Bennet, Bernard, He ‡, who chose
 To pull the devil by the nose,
 And the stern *mitred Priest ||*, who fell
 A victim to mistaken zeal ;
Swithin, the wat'ry saint——In short
 You'd think that all the heav'nly court
 Had quitted their superior sphere
 To fix their tabernacles here !

While Norwich-souls are thus protected,
 Think not their bodies are neglected :
 Three plenteous markets them supply
 With ev'ry sort of luxury :
 And *Suffield*, with a skill divine,
 Provides them with the best of wine.

The *streets*—they cannot well be said
 To merit praise : they're badly laid ;
 Crooked, unequal and uneven,
 And rugged, as the path to heaven.

Beside

* They are said to be 36.

† The Cathedral.

‡ St. Dunstan.

|| Becket.

Beside the town, a *castle* stands,
 Which all th' adjacent plain commands.
 Some victor's hand first rais'd the mound
 And sank the frightful fosse around,
 Rear'd wall and battlements, to awe
 His vanquish'd slaves—Now juster law
 Employs it to a better use,
 Tho' not, perhaps, without abuse.
 Indeed my heart could not but feel,
 At the sole sight of this *Bastille*;
 Where, after Howard's horrid plan,
Each hole contains *one* hapless man.
 I therefore haste away to find,
 Objects more pleasing to my mind.

Nor long the search—A terrace falls
 With gentle slope from those dread walls,
 Where *Beauty* holds its daily court,
 And all the Norwich belles resort.
 And, now, could my poor pencil trace
 The charms of each bewitching face
 That there appear'd—ev'n CHARLES's groupe
 Of *Bish* belles, to mine would sloop.
 Ah! CATHERINA! had you seen
 A *Rigby* tripping o'er the green;
 You would have sworn—'Twas *Beauty's* queen.

Nor is it merely outside show
 That here attracts the wond'ring beau:
 Their minds they cultivate with care;
 Are wise and virtuous; as they're fair!

EMMA!

EMMA ! let me my homage pay
 To thy, too partial, friendly lay : *
 That bade my Latin Sapphics wear
 An English dress, most rich and rare.
 Long may thy quill, with due applause,
 Be brandish'd in fair Freedom's cause.

Next I would tell, (if I had time
 To spend in multiplying rhyme)
 What friendship to myself was shown,
 Although a stranger and unknown :
 And how I pass'd a four days space
 In, or about, that charming place.
 This much, however, let me say,
 (I'll say it to my dying day)
 That greater kindness could not be
 Confer'd, than was confer'd on me. }
 SUFFIELD ! what debts are due to thee.

But homeward, now, I must return ;
 Therefore, betimes, on Friday morn,
 I lift my legs, and take my route
 By Wyndham, tho' some miles about.
 For bards and belles, both equally
 Love charming, sweet variety.

In truth, a more delightful way
 Than that which now before me lay,
 Was never trod by human feet.—
 But no adventures, here, I meet.

At

* This Lady had translated a Latin Ode of the Author's, On
Gallie Freedom.

At *Wyndham*, nature seem'd to want
 Rest and refreshment; these I grant:
 Then with recruited strength pursue
 My journey—thinking oft of you.

At *Attlebury* I arrive,
 Just as the clocks were striking five:
 And there resolve (or wrong or right)
 To stop, and sup, and pass the night.
 Nor had I reason to repent;
 I pass'd the night with great content.
 The land-lord was a hearty fellow;
 And he and I got almost mellow:
 That is, we both had *quantum suff.*
 In other words—had *quite enough*.

From worshipping the Pow'r of wine,
 I go to bend at *Morpheus'* shrine;
 Who quickly to my suit attends;
 For he and *Bacchus* are good friends.
 Wrapt in his friendly cloak I lay
 Till Sol brought up the following day;
 Then took to *Lallingford* my way.

As o'er unpeopled plains I hie,
 A fullen cloud obscures the sky;
 Nor is there, near, a single shed
 From pending rain to save my head.
 But, looking further on, I see
 A solitary tufted tree:
 To it I run—when, coming nigh,
 Standing beneath its shade I spy
 A *spectre*; such as ne'er before
 Had I beheld.—The spectre wore

An aspect similar, in view,
 To that which *Saavadra* drew :
 Save that his head no helmet press'd ;
 Nor corslet beam'd upon his breast :
Au reste, not *De la Mancha's* knight
 Exhibited a stranger sight.

Like, as a shepherd's boy, who sees
 The gath'ring storm, and from it flees
 To the next cave ; if there he find
 Some raw-boned hungry wolf reclin'd,
 Watching for prey—he stops and stares,
 And neither back nor forward dares
 To move.—So now, my Kit, when I
 On this grim figure cast mine eye,
 Amaz'd I stood, nor dared to face
 This relick of the *Anak* race.

He saw my pain, and, grinning, said :

“ Dear Joy ! of me be not afraid ;
 “ My haggard form and tawny skin
 “ Have nought malevolent within :
 “ And if you like to hear my story ;
 “ Come here—I'll lay it all before ye.”

On this my terrors me forsake ;
 And, by his side my place I take,
 Under the tree ; when the tall man
 Ope'd his wide mouth, and thus began :

“ Think not, my friend, you do not see
 “ A true-born gentleman in me :
 “ Of a most antient race I'm come ;
 “ And *Corke*, in Ireland, is my home ;
 “ I should have said, it was—For, by
 “ *St. Patrick*, dev'l a home have I.

F

“ A small

" A small estate fell to my share ;
 " That is, it should have fall'n, my dear !
 " But a damn'd *Protestant* gainstood
 " My claim—tho' mine own flesh and blood !
 " And prov'd, by law, and long debate,
 " That *his*, not *mine*, was *mine* estate !
 " Well then, said I, since it is so,
 " I to some foreign clime must go :
 " For how, by JESUS, could I brook
 " To see a vile *Heretic* rook
 " Build in my nest ; which e'er had been
 " Till then, most *catholic* and clean ?
 " So, quitting Corke, I cross the main,
 " And fix my residence in Spain ;
 " Where I might count my beads and pray
 " According to th' old-fashion'd way.
 " But as I lov'd to fight ; d'ye hear !
 " I list'd as a grenadier :
 " And many a hard and heavy blow
 " I've giv'n, and taken from the foe,
 " By land and sea ; as great O'Reilly,
 " If he were yet alive, could tell ye.
 " I was ('tis now some fifteen years)
 " At the bombardment of Algiers :
 " And dev'l a soldier there that day,
 " Behav'd more bravely—that I'll say.
 " But when those foolish Frenchmen—pshaw !—
 " Crillon---and---D'Arcon,---and---Nassau,
 " Made us believe they could perform
 " Great feats, and your Gibraltar storm !
 " I went among the luckless band
 " That one of their curs'd batt'ries mann'd.

" Now,

" Now, onward to the rock we row,
 " And are prepar'd our bombs to throw,
 " When one of *Elliot's* hell-hot balls
 " Upon our floating castle falls.
 " In vain we tried to quench the flame,
 " Another glowing bullet came ;
 " And ere its hissing was abated,
 " A third and fourth upon us waited.
 " *By heav'ns*, said I, *this is not fair* :
 " Scarce said, we bounce into the air !
 " And had not gallant *Curtis* brought
 " Us instant aid, there's not a doubt
 " But we had all been drown'd that day :
 " Hence, for his soul I'll ever pray ;
 " And hope in Christ, when he turns *sick*,
 " He'll turn an honest *Catholic* :
 " For, faith, I should be wond'rous griev'd
 " To see the man who me reliev'd
 " On such a dreadful urgency,
 " Be damn'd to all eternity.
 " But though my life was sav'd, you see,
 " My dear ! how maim'd a man I be ;
 " Yet this with patience I had borne,
 " Nor ever thought of a return
 " To Ireland, if the Spanish king
 " Had not promulgated a thing
 " Call'd an *Edito*, in that nation ;
 " (I think ye call it *proclamation*)
 " Now this *promulgamento* says,
 " That he who, in a month of days,
 " Will not make oath that he receives,
 " As faith, whate'er the church believes ;

- " And then, moreover, and also
 " His native country to forego
 " For evermore—must not remain
 " Longer, one single day, in Spain.
 " Now, 'pon my shoul, I could not bear
 " To pocket this absurd affair :
 " For why, as good a Roman, I,
 " As his Hispannic majesty,
 " Should be oblig'd to swear by God,
 " That *what I am, I am*—is odd !
 " And then to force one, (to be sure)
 " One's native country to abjure,
 " Is a tyrannic deed—Altho'
 " I nothing to my country owe :
 " I never can nor will endure
 " My native country to abjure.
 " Besides, at this blest'd present time,
 " I'm told it is no penal crime
 " To be a Catholic—And so,
 " Once more to native Corke I go :
 " Where though the law should not insure
 " My right of primogeniture,
 " And give me back what law, they say,
 " From me took *lawfully* away ;
 " One boon at least, I yet may crave---
 " To lie in my forefathers grave * ;
 " Where forty generations lie,
 " Of greater men than you or I.
 " I hope,

* Even this last favour was denied to the Irish Catholics,
 before the year 1767.

" I hope, and trust, my dear ! you won't

" Consider this as an affront ;

" When I, when I to you reveal

" That my paternal name's O'NEEL."

" O'NEEL !" said I—" He were to blame

" Who would not rev'rence that great name ;

" Give me your hand ; and tell me plain,

" What riches have you reap'd in Spain ?"

" Riches !" said he—" Indeed, my dear !

" You make me laugh—'fore God I swear,

" Tho' it be thirty years and more,

" Since *Phelim* first a firelock bore

" In Spain's behalf, and all that time

" Was never charg'd with any crime :

" And tho' for Spain he oft has shed

" His precious blood, and risk'd his head,

" Nought has he gain'd, in all her wars ;

" Save honour, and a deal of scars !

" But scars and honour, let me tell ye,

" Will never fill a hungry belly.

" And, now, had not that good old man,

" At Norwich there, found out a plan

" To succour travellers like me,

" I ne'er could Corke or Ireland see*.

" By JESUS, 'tis a piteous thing

" To be the slave of *any* king !"

I nodded firm assent—when, lo !

Appear'd, at last, the colour'd bow

* *Phelim* had received money from the Society of *Universal Good Will* at Norwich, to carry him to Liverpool. The Father of that Society is the amiable Dr. Murray.

In the north-west—and soon the sky
Resum'd its sweet serenity.

“Phelim!” said I, “let us proceed
“While it is fair.”——Phelim agreed:
So on we march as fast's we can,
And get to *Lallingford*, by one.

Where the KING's head exalted swings,
(Why thus profane the heads of kings?)
We stop and call—and at a word,
A smoking joint stands on the board;
A joint of mutton, garnish'd round
With sweet potatoes, nicely brown'd.

“Phelim!” said I, “fall on, nor spare;
“To pay the cost, be it my care.”

Phelim, long us'd to handle steel,
Attack'd the joint with warlike zeal;
And I, tho' not a foldier bred,
By Phelim's brave example led,
Brandish'd my shining blade, with more
Dexterity that e'er before:

Thus both our efforts soon subdued
The mutton and potatoes too!

When Phelim swore, by Holy Mary,
Not ev'n at Corke or Tipperary,
Better potatoes, better mutton,
Were e'er upon a table put-on.

Three quarts of nappy nogg we, then,
Dispatch'd, like military men.

Good Phelim felt its mighty power;
And fought his battles o'er and o'er!

While we our short-liv'd revel keep,
The sun goes posting to the deep:

And

And I had got to scamper o'er
A dozen miles of dreary moor.

"Phelim!" said I, "we now must part."

"God blefs," said he, "your honest heart:

"In all my life I have not yet

"With a more jovial fellow met.—

"Are you a Catholic, my dear?"

I could not help but smiling, here;
And saying: "Would you like me less,

"Phelim, if I should now confess

"That I'm a *Presbyterian* priest?"

"Nay, now," quoth Phelim, "that's a jest:

"For dev'l a grain of *Presbyterian*

"Your manners or your looks you carry in*."

"Well, Phelim, be assur'd, in me

"A genuine *Catholic* you see:

"A Catholic without *prænomén*

"Of *Englisch, Irish, Greek, or Roman*;

"Nay, more, I am ('tis not a jest)

"Of the Church Catholic a *priest*."

On hearing this ('tis true, I tell)

Down on his knees poor Phelim fell,

To beg a benison, and laid

My hand upon his bended head.

"God blefs thee, Phelim," said I, "and fend

"Thee safe unto thy journey's end:

"And, on arrival, may'st thou find

"Thy friends alive, and country kind."

* Phelim must have derived his conjecture from some four
Presbyterian of Corke: for our English Presbyterians are as
cheerful and social as their neighbours.

We now divide ; and both a-foot,
Pursue a very diff'rent route :
Phelim his steps to *Rowdham* bent ;
And I the way of *Wrethham* went.

Not far from Wrethham, by a rill,
I see a sight which makes me thrill
With joy—'Tis Fox, the nation's pride :
Who ne'er with courtly views comply'd,
Against the public weal !—'Tis He
Who props the Fane of LIBERTY,
Trims her expiring lamp ; and throws
Confusion on her fellest foes !
Whose large and penetrating soul
At once, prevades and fees the whole
Of ev'ry object !—On whose tongue
Unrival'd eloquence is hung ;
And in whose breast unrival'd glows
Sweet sympathy for others woes !

And, now, retir'd from town and court,
Here he enjoys the rural sport,
With *Bedford*, *Conway*, and *Colquhoun* :
And brings the painted pheasant down
With as much skill, as, in debate,
He mauls a minister of state !

From such a theme can I, my friend,
To tell a tale again descend ?
And yet I have, by Jerom's beard,
A stranger tale, than yet you've heard,
Still to relate ; if you can still
Suffer th' effusions of my quill.

PART THIRD.

AS I, from Wrethham, shap'd my way
 To Buckinham, I chanc'd to stray :
 And strolling on, at last I found
 Myself on an enchanted ground.
 It was a square, as I could guess,
 Of thirty furlongs, more or less ;
 On which, tho' neither corn, nor trees,
 Nor house, nor hut the trav'ler sees ;
 Yet never was so small a space
 Peopled with a more num'rous race.

It has been said by calculators,
 (Whom we must credit in such matters)
 That population's gen'ral plan
 Allows an *acre* to a *man*.
 But I am willing, now, to take
 The strongest oath that men can make,
 (Without the leave of *Pope* or *Priest*)
 That ev'ry acre here, at least
 Contains four hundred souls ; or more :—
 So that full sixteen thousand score
 Of souls, must be the population
 Of this well-populated nation.

I wish, my Kit, I could describe
 The manners of this wond'rous tribe,
 Their language, laws, and polity,
 Arts, manufactures, industry,
Et cætera, et cætera ;
 But all that I of them can say,

G

Amounts

Amounts to this—they seem'd to me
 A very timid race to be.
 Perhaps my large gigantic size
 Might strike the pigmies with surprize :
 Certain it is, when I drew near,
 They fled as if possess'd with fear ;
 And so velocious is their flight,
 That instantly they're out of sight.

Whether they own a despot-king,
 Or any other despot-thing ?
 Or whether, like some other states,
 They're rul'd by proud Aristocrates ?
 Or whether they be govern'd by
 A petulant Democracy ?
 Or, if Britannia ! like to thee,
 They make a jumble of the three ?
 I could not learn.—Nor do I know
 What arts they cultivate below :
 For all their villages are found
 To be constructed under ground.

If, there, polygamy prevail ?
 Or ev'ry female have her male ?
 Or if promiscuous union be
 Permitted ? 'tis unknown to me :
 Though I suspect their marriage-rites
 Are those of th' antient *Troglodites* :
 With whom, in other things, they bear
 Similitude of character.

Their size is small, as hath been said,
 But not inelegantly made.
 A cubit's length, or nearly so,
 Is their whole height, from top to toe !

Their

Their skin, like *Esau's*, mantled is
 With hair ; tho' not so dark as his.
 Some *negroes*, too, I could observe :
 But whether these be forc'd to serve
 Their fellow-*browns*, and fellow-*greys* ?
 No author, I have met with, says.
 Yet, if from what, myself, I saw
 I may conjecture, there's no law
 Permitting grey-men to subdue
 Their brethren of a fable hue.

Whether this curious people speak
 Old *Hebrew*, *Arabic*, or *Greek* ?
 Or whether, as we might expect,
 They talk a *Danish* dialect ?
 I greatly wish'd to ascertain ;
 But my endeavours were in vain.
 For tho' to them I often spoke,
 From them I never could provoke
 The smallest answer.—It may be
 They did not chuse to answer me,
 Though they could do it.—Thus, they say,
 Some wily *Welchmen*, at this day,
 Although they have both ears to hear
 And tongues to speak, will yet forbear
 To any question to reply,
 Through sullen taciturnity :
 But shake their heads—as if to say :
 “ We understand you not : Good day ! ”

I think, as far's I could perceive,
 'Tis reasonable to believe
 That these, like folks before the flood,
 Subsist on vegetable food.

And, yet, a rumour here prevails
 That some voracious glutton males
 Not seldom, Saturn-like, devour
 Their young ones ; at their natal hour !
 A gossip's tale, perhaps ; but take it
 As told to me—I did not make it.

It has, I know not why, been doubted
 If to *religion* they're devoted ;
 This much I can aver : One sees
 Them frequently upon their knees ;
 Which is a symptom, all agree,
 Of the profoundest piety.

But whether nat'ral or reveal'd
 Their credence be, is yet conceal'd
 From us.—If their religious plan
 Be Jewish or Mahometan ?
 Or if some Missioner from Rome
 Have 'mong them clandestinely come,
 And, in our penal laws' despight,
 Shew'd them a glimpse of Gospel-light ?
 Or if, like Pagans heretofore,
 They still dumb images adore ;
 Or, with the Persis, mounting high'r,
 Adore the elemental fire ;
 Or, with Confucius, worship Fo ?—
 Of all this, Kit, we nothing know.

We're in the same uncertainty
 If they have any Hierarchy ?
 Or if their simpler taste prefers
 A church of equal Presbyters ?
 Or if no priests they have at all :
 But ev'ry chieftain in his hall

Be, as of old, the only Flamen ;
To whom his family say " Amen ?"

Those trav'lers who for certain tell us
What is not so, are frontless fellows :
And yet, I fear, not few there are,
Who tell us things to make us stare ;
And, rather than have nought to say,
Will *fiction* in *truth's* garb array.

Painters and Poets, 'tis agreed,
Have got a licence to exceed
The bounds of strict veracity :
Their aim is vivid imag'ry !
But the historian who departs
From truth to paint with harlot arts
His subject, merits equal praise
With her, who in these shameless days,
Should on some all-believing afs
A strumpet for a virgin pass.

A traveller, like one of those,
Might here have told, if he had chose,
A thousand pretty little stories
About the people now before us :
Have crawl'd into their caves and seen
The palace of their king and queen !
Painted the portico and hall ;
Describ'd the ball-room and the ball :
Told how, when such a prince was marry'd
A loyal dear address was carry'd
Up to the throne of Majesty,
By aldermen——and how that he,
Had been admitted, 'mong the band,
To kiss the gracious Sov'reign's hand ;

Perhaps,

Perhaps, in honour of the feast,
Been dubb'd—*knight-bachelor* at least!

Then he might tell, how debonair
And tempting were the courtly Fair;
What favours, if he had allow'd,
The girls on him would have bestow'd;
And what rare presents he obtain'd,
While in the country he remain'd!

Next had he trac'd those sons of earth
Up to their manhood, from their birth:
First, shewn by what obstetric aid
The ladies, there, are brought to bed:
How babes are swath'd, and circumcis'd;
Or, if they're Christians, how baptis'd:
How early youth are sent to College;
What is their usual stock of knowledge:
At what partic'lar age they wed;
Who leads them to the bridal bed;
How many wives a man may marry;
What dow'ries women with them carry;
And on what terms may husbands force
Their wives away, by a divorce:
Whether in their sepulchral rites,
They follow Jews, or Moslemites;
Chaldeans, Copts, or Maronites?
Their language—is it old or young?
A *mother* or a *daughter* tongue?
Their letters—are they large or small,
Symbolic, or syllabical,
Or alphabetic?—Do they write
From the left hand, or from the right:

Or perpendicularly guide
 Their pen, or reed—or aught beside?
 What is their learning? what their wit?
 Have they an orator like *Pitt*?
 A statesman—who can coin a work
 Equal to that of *Edmund Burke*?
 A poet who can match with *Hayley*?
 Such moralists—as *Cooper*, *Payley*?
 Critics—whom critics might compare
 With *Weston*, *Pinkerton* and *Blair*?
 Historians—who might dare presume
 To cope with *Robertson* and *Hume*?
 Biographers—whose pages shine,
Boswell! with anecdotes like thine?
 Divines—who so divinely write
 As *Madan*, *Milner*, and the *Wight*
 Who hides his theologic fame
 Under a Talmudistic name*?
 Preachers—who can a pulpit fill
 With dignity, like *Rowland Hill*?
 Polemics—who make such a stir
 As *Horsley*, *Tatham*, *Whitaker*?
 Their arts and sciences—Can they
 Cut capers? dance a roundelay,
 Or jig, or hornpipe? can they swing
 Or on the tight or untight string?
 Can they to wooden men give speech?
 Dogs, hofes, hogs, and sparrows teach

To

* The very learned, and very witty *Rabbi Ben Yzakeer*.

To reason?—Can their ladies ride
 Three nags at once, and all astride?
 Or have they *Afleys*, who, for money,
 Jump through a hoghead, on a poney?

Are they well vers'd in any part
 Of the great culinary art;
 And have the richer sort, perchance,
 Their cooks from Italy or France?
 A calipash or calipee,
 Or even a tasty fricasee

Can they create?—Or (if indeed
 They follow the Hindostan creed,
 And eat of neither flesh nor fish)

Can they compose a sav'ry dish
 Of grass and grain, and herbs and roots?
 Can they conserve and comfit fruits?

Or make an omlette, on occasion,
 To please—an eater by profession?

All this, I say, and twenty-fold
 As much as this I could have told;
 And might the critics have defied
 To prove in form—that I had lied;
 Or might, if by the critics blam'd,
 The privilege of bards have claim'd.

But I who, with a bard of fame,
 Deem *lies in prose and verse the same*,
 Disdain my story to embellish
 With fictions; suited to the relish
 Of their spoil'd taste, who have no liking
 But to the wonderful and striking,
 For you, my Kit, and such as you,
 The simple truth, I trust, will do:

Therefore

Therefore expect not from my mouth
 Or from my pen—but simple truth,
 In simple dress.—'Twas thus, I ween,
 (Whatever Plutarch, in his spleen,
 May say) that hist'ry's SIRE* relates
 The facts and feats of antient dates.
 What he himself had heard, or seen ;
 Or what on brass and stone had been
 Recorded ; or what he receiv'd
 From vouchers fit to be believ'd ;
 He gives, with all distinction due,
 As curious, credible, or true :
 But if Egyptian priests (I fear
 Such priests have sometimes flourish'd here)
 Tell him a tale that seems to be
 Devoid of probability ;
 He, like an honest man, declares
 He will not vouch such dubious wares.

But to proceed—From this strange spot,
 (The name of which I have forgot)
 I turn my steps, in hopes to find
 Some nation of another kind.
 Nor vain my hope—for soon I trace
 The footsteps of a larger race ;
 Which led me to their dwelling-place.
 I mean their dwelling-place, that day :
 For all the Norfolk people say,
 That they're a true *Tartarian* tribe,
 Whose wand'rings nought can circumscribe,

H

Save

* Herodotus.

Save open force.—Yet please to know
They're not a formidable foe :
Tho' not of such a timid mien
As the small folk I last had seen.

Nay, at one season of the year,
Their males, 'tis said, are void of fear :
And were not most of these, ere they
Have seen their five-and-twentieth day,
Betray'd into a snare ;—and then
Made—what Italians make of men :
All those, who know them best, agree,
That they a warlike race would be.—
But none, save *Kings*, are there allow'd
With nature's gifts to be endow'd.

These kings (I wish our kings so stern
A useful lesson hence would learn)
Fight all their people's battles ; and
In single combat dare to stand.
Nor ever will they quit the field,
Till one or t'other sov'reign yield.

Our sov'reigns take another way,
When they're dispos'd to make a fray.
They keep themselves from danger far,
And let their people wage the war !
Say ye, who 'venge the *Rights of Man*,
Which is the better, wiser plan ?

But I digress.—This people rise
In height, above a monkey's size
Of the first rate ; and have a shape
More elegant than any ape.

Rare is their hue —for they unite
The two extremes of black and white!

No Moor of the Nigritian race
 Had ever yet a blacker face :
 No whiter body can be shown
 At th' Artic, or antartic Zone.
 And what's more strange (tho' certain) yet
 Their arms and legs are partly jet,
 And partly alabaſter pure
 'Tis naked truth, I you aſſure.

What time they came into this nation ?
 Or from what ſort of copulation
 At firſt they ſprang, I cannot tell ;
 This much is certain, here they dwell
 In numerous hordes—and, in my mind,
 Greatly ſurpaſs our proper kind.
 Three thouſand ſouls are often ſeen
 Encamp'd together on a green.

What of their character I learn'd
 From others, or myſelf diſcern'd,
 I now will tell you.—Firſt of all,
 Each ſultan here, both great and ſmall,
 Keeps a ſeraglio : whence I draw,
 They follow the Moſlemic law.

Their ladies ſeldom fail to bring,
 Early in each revolving ſpring,
 One child at leaſt : nor is it rare
 For younger wives to bring a pair :
 Nay, ſome prolific ones, I hear,
 Will teem with young ones twice a year.

Their births are eaſy : for I'm told,
 That, like the Hebrew wives of old,
 Whene'er the pains of labour come,
 By day, by night, abroad, at home,

They lay themselves, without *malheur*,
Nor ever call an *accoucheur*.

No mothers here (that human curse)
Send out their innocents to nurse :
But with a true parental care
They suckle ev'ry child they bear.
Their children thrive, and, it appears,
Arrive at manhood in two years :
They reach their prime at five or four ;
At twelve their term of life is o'er.
Though, such the havoc yearly made
Among them by the butcher's blade,
Few, few there are, who ever see
That period of longevity.

They are a hardy race, and bear
To sleep all night in open air.
In winter-days they never stir
Without a roquelaure of fur :
But, in the month of May they throw
It quite aside and naked go.

Their intellects by some have been
Call'd mean, and even less than mean* ;
But I'm inclined to think, that they
Who will observe them, night and day,
Shall find their little heads contain
A deal of intellectual brain.

For, first, no people e'er was found
Who better knew to chuse their ground

* See Buffon.

For an encampment. If a spot
More dry than others can be got,
More shelter'd from tempestuous wind,
More to the rising sun inclin'd,
Remoter from infectious air——
They never fail to harbour there.

Their camps are form'd with art and skill,
No person pitches at his will ;
But each according to his rank,
Or in the front or in the flank.
First in the safest central space
Their children and their wives they place ;
The weak, most liable to fear,
Are fitly station'd in the rear ;
A stouter and less timid band
On either side take up their stand,
The post of honour, the reward
Of chieftest worth, the chieftains guard.

But if attack'd and forc'd to flee,
Another form you quickly see :
The front becomes the rear ; and they
Who safe behind the leaders lay,
Make the first move, and take the lead :
The women follow ; then succeed
The closing wings ; when these are past,
The chieftains flee the very last ;
Ev'n in their flight they face the foe,
And sometimes give a deadly blow :
And tho' they're generally beat,
They oft achieve a safe retreat.
Could great *Cornwallis*, pray, do more,
When he retir'd to *Bangalore* ?

A fort

A sort of kettle-drum directs
 Their march ; and not a soul neglects
 Its warning sound ; but all pursue
 The route to which it give's the cue.
 Not *Gallia's* senate to the knell
 Of their presiding member's bell
 Are more obsequious.—Does it hence
 Appear, that they're devoid of sense ?

Behold another quality !
 They're great adepts in Botany.
 Not *Dioscorides* himself
 (Although a very knowing elf)
 Could segregate with greater heed
 The wholesome plant from noxious weed—
 And if at times they're taken in
 By luxury, (the source of sin)
 They soon repent, and search around,
 Till they an antidote have found.
 Is this a sign of folly ? say
 Ye who eat poison every day,
 Without remorse—yet never budge
 In quest of a *venenifuge*.

Another science, I am told,
 They, to a great perfection, hold :
 That science, Kit ! which you and I
 Admire—the science of the sky !
 It is on record, and can be
 Prov'd to conviction, that they see
 Farther into th' *éthereal* sphere
 Than any *Philomaths* here.
 Were the great *Partridge* to return
 To life, he would, in anger, burn

His

His almanacks ; and fairly say,
He knew not half so much as they.

There's yet one more qualification
Belonging to this curious nation ;
Which, tho' it cannot merit praise
In these pure philosophic days ;
Yet in a well-known Grecian state
Was held in estimation great.
I mean, with Spartan art to steal !
Yet artfully the theft conceal !

“ Such sciences (it will be said)
“ Cannot be possibly convey'd
“ From race to race, from sire to son
“ Without some language ?”——They have one.
I've often heard them speak——and tho'
Not many tones they seem to know,
This only proves their speech to be
Distinguish'd by simplicity.
And hence I guess, it must be sprung
From the primeval mother-tongue.
Nay, those who deem not fabulous
The story of *Psammetichus*,
Will have a bias to believe,
It is the language primitive.

But hear the story.——Great debates
Were carried on by ancient states,
Who were the eldest sons of earth,
And first to vocal sounds gave birth ?
At length a wise Egyptian king
Found means to ascertain the thing.

Two new-born babes he took, and gave I
 To a most trusty shepherd-slave ; *
 With strict command to feed and keep
 The infants, as he did his sheep :
 Save that he was allow'd, instead
 Of *grafs*, to give them *butter'd bread* :
 But if he speak — off comes his head !

“ Well, and what then ! ” you'll say. — Why, then !
 Thou stupid girl ! is it not plain,
 That the first word which they will utter
 Must be the name of *bread* — or *butter*.
 Now mark th' event. — With watchful ear
 The patient shepherd waits to hear
 Their first articulate essay : —
 When happ'ning, on a certain day,
 To bring their meal an hour too late,
 (For so th' Egyptian priests relate)
 The hungry elves, when they him spy'd,
Bék, *Békkos*, † both together cry'd.

The swain, however, nothing said,
 But sev'ral other trials made :

When

* Some say that he committed them to two nurses ; whose tongues he had previously ordered to be cut out. But who will believe that any king, and especially so gallant a king as Psammetichus, would be guilty of so unmanly a cruelty? — Vide Herodot. Euterpe.

† The last syllable of this word is only the Greek termination. The original word is *bék* or rather *bég* : and this, with a somewhat more guttural inflection, is actually the most common word, among the people I am now describing.

When, last as first, he always found
 His ears invaded by the sound
 Of *békkos*.—To the king he goes,
 And briefly tells him all he knows.
 The king desires to have them brought
 Before himself.—This, quick as thought,
 Is done—when, lo! soon as they spy
 Their feeder's face, they jointly cry
Bék, bék, bék, békkos!—Says the king:

“ This is a very wondrous thing :
 “ And, now, a *place* we only want
 “ Where *békkos* is significant.”—
 “ That place I know,” a courtier said,
 “ *Békkos* in Phrygia, *fire* ! means *bread*.”

The proof demonstrative was deem'd ;
 And hence the Phrygians were esteem'd
 The first of all the speaking kind.—
 Tho' if a sceptic had a mind
 To controvert the point, he might
 Warmly dispute the Phrygians' right
 To the first language—and ascribe
 That honour to this *blatant* tribe.

That these were first created, we
 Know from the first authority *.
 Why might not then their speech precede
 The speech of a posterior breed ?
 Besides, all Glossarists will grant
 It is to nature consonant,
 That the primordial sounds of speech
 Would not beyond *one* breathing reach,
 And hence the shorter, simpler sound
 Must also be the prior sound.

I

Now

* See Genesis, chap. I. ver. 25.

Now any man may pledge his neck,
 That *béh's* a simpler sound than *bék*.—
 And *béh* and *méh*, and *méh* and *béh*,
 Is all these folks are heard to say.
 But I this subject now must leave,
 And, henceforth, to my *Journal* cleave.

Eleven long furlongs I had yet
 To travel—and the sun was set;
 But Luna, with becoming grace,
 Supply'd her absent brother's place;
 And with her lamp illum'd the way,
 Which now direct before me lay.

" Ah! had I but my *kittens* three
 " To tramp this road along with me,
 " Ye gods! how happy should I be."

I said; and call'd to mind that ev'n
 When, under the wide cope of heav'n,
 ANNA, MARIA, and THYSELF,
 ("Thou little sweet bewitching elf!")
 Gambol'd around me, on the green,
 As fairies gambol round their queen.

Musing on this—and other things,
 Which fancy to remembrance brings,
 I imperceptibly arrive
 At Buckinham—three-fourths past five:
 With appetite (as I'm a sinner)
 To eat and drink a second dinner.

No toasts are given—Yet I, by stealth,
 Will drink my CATHERINA's health:
 And pray that ev'ry meed that's giv'n
 To virtuous minds by bounteous Heav'n,
 May ever, ever her attend!
 And, here, my tedious TALE shall end.

The EPILOGUE.

MY *Muse* and my *Metre* I thought to have dropp'd,
 At Buckingham-house when I latterly stopp'd ;
 But the wanton *THALIA* maintains it is rude
 So very abruptly a *Tale* to conclude :
 And says that my *Journal* will nothing avail,
 If there be not an *Epilogue* tagg'd to its tail.
 So I, CATHERINA ! who never refuse
 An implicit obedience to pay to a *Muse*,
 Remounting my racer, will dash o'er the plain,
 'Till I come to my garret in *London* again.

But, first, I must tell you, before I depart
 From Buckingham-house (with a sorrowful heart)
 How things go on there.—Although why need I tell
 To you, what yourself may conjecture so well ?
 From *Effex* to *Norfolk* transfer but the scene ;
 'Tis the same occupation, amusement, routine :
 Where ev'ry one aims at convenience and ease,
 And all are dispos'd to be pleas'd, and to please.

My LORD, when the weather compels him to spare
 The lives of the pheasant, the partridge and hare,
 Sits studying and writing, through mere inclination,
 As hard as we authors, who write by profession.
 And if thus he continue long time—I forecast
 That he'll actually end in an *author*, at last.

My LADY is also a reader so great,
 That she's vers'd in the story of every state :
 Knows all that the Scythian traveller * knew,
 And things, he was ignorant of, not a few :

I 2

Is

* Anacharsis.

Is as well acquainted, and as much at home
 In *Athens*, in *Sparta*, in *Carthage*, in *Rome*,
 As in *York* or in *London*; and quaintly can tell
 What *here*, *there*, or *any where*, ever befell!
 Nor is she a stranger to Euclid's deep lore:
 Of *theorems* and *problems* she knows a full score;
 Can *pentagons*, *heptagons*, *decagons* too,
 Draw equally perfect, and measure as true,
 As *Clavius*, or *Barrow*, or *Newton* could do!
 Our poets, from Chaucer to Churchill, I see,
 Are familiar to her, as the Bible's to me!
 But as for her *Latin* and *Greek*, I'm afraid,
 They have not sunk deep in her ladyship's head;
 And unless she proceed, in her *Accidence*, faster,
 She'll never do credit, I ween, to her master.
 So henceforth, my trust, as a *tutor*, must be
 Entirely repos'd, CATHERINA! in THEE.
 But if THOU, too, should baulk me—I never again
 Will *Latin* or *Greek*, to a *woman* explain.

And, now, for the KITTENS.—I'm happy to say,
 They're nearly as playful, and pleasant, and gay,
 As when you and I saw them last.—Yet, it appears,
 They're growing in wisdom, as growing in years;
 And growing in beauty.—The *nose* of our ANN
 Gets nigh to perfection's original plan:
 For know, CATHERINA! when woman was born,
 I mean, from the side of her yoke-fellow torne;
 'The NOSE was by far the most beautiful feature
 That adorn'd the sweet face of the new-fashion'd creature.
 But when, hark'ning, alas! to the voice of a snake,
 That *apple* forbidden she ventur'd to take,

Her

Her form was disfigur'd (the Rabbis suppose)
 And a part of the punishment fell on her *nose*:
 Hence, rarely we find in the face of a Fair
 A nose that completely comes up to the square.
 Have you ever yet seen *one*—that was not or *crooked*,
 Or *flatten'd*, or *bottled*, or *turn'd-up*, or *hooked*;
 Too *large*, or too *little*, too *short*, or too *long*;
 In a word—that had nothing about it, was *wrong*?
 Not ten, I believe, since the world first began
 Had less imperfection than that of our ANN.
 From which I conclude, that on HER but a small
 Share of *sin* was entailed by her grand-mother's fall.
 And yet, that she's faultless, I cannot well think:
 This moment, she chode me for spilling her ink!
 And when *Henneage* distrubs or her pencil, or paint,
 She shows that she's no *canonizable* saint.
 Nay once, if not oft'ner, I plight you my troth,
 I heard her pronounce the *one half* of an oath.—
 But I will not the foibles of Fair ones expose:
 If ANNA have any—pray, look at her NOSE!

MARIA shoots up, like an osier beside
 A clear running stream—and must soon be a bride,
 If our beaux have a spark of discernment to trace
 The charms of her mind in the charms of her face.
 Not the *Shulamites's* self, in the bloom of her age,
 (When her charms could the wisest of mortals engage
 To carrol her praise—and to weave, for his Love,
 The splendoriest garland that ever was wove)
 Had, if we may guess from the picture he drew,
 A finer *proportion*, *size*, *figure* or *hue*.
 To be brief—In MARIA, I fancy, I see
 A second edition TH^{rough} KM^{ark} N! of thee.

But who is it calls? "Sir! my *Lord* and my *Lady*
 "Are gone to *Newmarket*—and *Henneage* is ready
 "To follow—he waits at the gate, Sir! for you."
 Is it so—Then *THALIA*! and *METRE*! adieu!

Through *Bruntwel*, and *Brandon*, and *Barton* we drove
 As fast as the thunderbolt issues from *Jove*.
 And, now, at *Newmarket*, we rattle and roll
 From the *goal* to the *post*, from the *post* to the *goal*:
 Such rattling, such rolling, such winding and wheeling;
 Such jolting, such jerking, such rocking and reeling;
 Such galloping, curveting, cap'ring and cutting;
 Such swearing, such staring, such stalking and strutting;
 Such roaring, such boreing, such clamour, such strife,
 I never beheld—all the days of my life.

We dined at the *Stag's-head*—when dinner was done,
 We (*Henneage** and I) by the light of the moon
 Drove on to a rascally village—O *Lord*!
 It's name I have lost—but it ends with a *ford*†—
 Where a wretched bad bed, and a room full of smoke,
 (Sufficient a horse, or a camel, to choak)
 Depriv'd me of sleep, and of *sense*—for, next morn,
 I ne'er was so dull—since the day I was born.
 'Twas luckily Sunday—a day of repose—
 So I doze and I pray, and I pray and I doze,
 Till to *Oak-hill* we come—where with biscuit, and beer,
 And bacon, my heart I endeavour to cheer:

In

* Mr. *Henneage*'s brother was also in the *Chaise*, although
 I could not easily put him in my *Rhyme*.

† Perhaps *Chesterford*.

In vain I endeavour—and never shall reckon,
In future, a *cordial*, beer, biscuit, and bacon.
Through *Thortford*, and *Harlow*, and *Epping* we drive,
And get to dear *London*—five minutes past five.

And now I must rambling and rhyming give o'er,
And, from morning to evening, on *Polyglotts* pore :
Count sentences, verses, words, syllables, letters ;
And patiently wear *typographical* fetters—
Mayst thou, CATHARINA ! no fetters e'er prove,
Save those of *Religion*—and *Friendship*—and *Love* !

THE END.

A. HORTON TAYLOR

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THE END